King Alfonso's Little Joke, page 1170.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

A Cancelled Royal Visit: The Week's Story from Buckingham Palace.

One attribute King George possesses of which the outer world knows nothing. His Majesty is painfully anxious not to offend anybody. No monarch of this country ever took his position in more deadly earnest. It would seriously hurt His Majesty's feelings if he thought he had slighted anybody. There was, for instance, the case of Lady Mount Stephen. She is the wife of that wonderful old man who, eighty years ago, tended the herd of cattle on the "meenister's" glebe at Mortlach, near Dufftown in Banffshire, and to-day is a member of the House of Lords, and the last of the noble "pioneers" of the "Great North-West." It was to Lord Mount Stephen's place in Hertfordshire, Brocket Hall, that King George and Queen Mary went during their honeymooning days, and, ever since, Lord and Lady Mount Stephen have been the most frequent hosts of Royalty in the shires. This year, however, their Majesties cancelled their visit to Brocket Hall, and there was a certain amount of inquisitiveness as to the reason. This Royal cancellation was, by the way, a *Modern Life* "special."

* * *

The Secret of the Cancelled Visit Revealed.

In our issue of February 21st we remarked: "Until this year Their Majesties have always paid Lord and Lady Mount Stephen a visit to the Georgian mansion situated so delightfully on the Lea in Herts. However, this year Their Majesties did not go to Brocket, though they deliberated about it for some days. What the mystery of the cancelled visit was has puzzled many people." The secret is a secret no longer! On looking over King George's diary at Buckingham Palace last week we noted that the intended visit to Brocket Hall had been replaced by a hospital function, where the funds urgently needed replenishment. The Royal diary already being overloaded, in spite of the promised civil war in Ulster, several other engagements of Their Majesties have also been cancelled.

* * *

Prince Albert and Canada.

But, lest Lady Mount Stephen should have felt at all slighted by the cancellation (which, of course, she wouldn't, being the daughter of a British Naval officer), Queen Mary made a personal call upon Lady Mount Stephen at her residence in Carlton House Terrace, last Saturday week, and carefully explained to her ladyship the unavoidable reasons which caused the trip down into leafy Herts to be "off" till the autumn. Which was distinctly "nice" of Queen Mary, who is extremely womanly in most things, and as keen upon pleasing everybody as is George Rex himself. And, lest any sort of doubt remained in the minds of their good old friends from Brocket Hall, King George asked Lord and Lady Mount Stephen round to lunch at the Palace the next day, a command which the old people promptly obeyed, when Lord Mount Stephen fired Prince Albert with such enthusiasm for the glories of Canada and the land of the C.P.R. that the King's son said "he would never be contented until he had been there!" And all the while Princess Mary listened open-mouthed, and said if her brother went she would insist upon going too!

The Drift Back to Stuart Times.

There was a good deal more in the dictum of Mr. F... the Saffron Walden Radical M.P., in the House the ... night, that "we were back in Stuart times," than the hon... able gentleman kenned of. What time the struggle ... Ulster is absorbing world-wide opinion, Anglo-Indian... laughing up their sleeves at the pretty way the present ... of affairs out East has been concealed during the past ... days. We are no alarmists, but the state of India at ... moment is perilous. The position is that of the pre-... regime, when Lord Curzon of Kedleston left India in a ... of rebellion which cost a good many human lives in ... bay and Calcutta before the "settling down" came. ... people know, of course, that the atmosphere in Cal... has been electric for weeks over the murder of Inspe... Ghose and the shooting of one of the witnesses of the ... after the murderers; and that similar crimes are having ... disastrous effect in other Indian cities. In Delhi, ... the Viceroy has been telling the tale about "India's ... fulness" with the adroitness of the old diplomat, ... case of attempted wholesale assassination occupies ... with the picric detonators in Court as evidence.

* * *

How Indian Affairs are Kept Out of Parliament.

In Bombay five hundred thousand pounds' worth ... cotton is destroyed by fire on the cotton green—the big... cotton fire ever recorded, even in a city where the ... has himself witnessed two hundred incendiary fires in ... months. (The Hindu is always subtle in crime, and ... one of the tools of vengeance with which he is best ... quainted.) But the comedy of Indian "peacefulness" ... now attains to the sublime. As usual, the Viceroy is ... pelled to conspire with his Government to keep up ... appearance of "tranquility" in India, so that nothing ... said in the papers or the House of Commons, where ... interference with Indian affairs is severely resented ... of Aden. But Anglo-Indians at home knew quite well ... trouble was taking place, not only in the big cities ... India, but on the Afghan border.

* * *

Waiting for the "Right Moment!"

However, not a word was said, and some people think ... they must have been deceived. Apparently all was ... from Sind to Bokhara, and the tribesmen had grown ... of fighting the Feringhee. Yet all the time there ... a little war going on, with adventurous night ... through dangerous nullahs and over perilous passes ... under General Bannatine-Allison, and over forty-six ... of the Malandrai Pass country Britain has been at war ... the Bunar Khels, an Afghan trible which has given ... trouble before—and will again! Lives were lost on ... sides, and many Afghan prisoners were secured, all ... cattle seized, and their villages destroyed. All this ... place in February last, but not a word was Reuter allowed ... to send home until the "right moment" had arrived!

* * *

What a Game!

That moment was not allowed to arrive until the Viceroy had been able to convene his Government in Delhi ... that assembly, last Wednesday, His Excellency made ... speech full of "peace and prosperity," in which he told ... how much India owes to Sir Edward Grey for his *abstention from Indian affairs*; how our old enemy, the Amir ... Afghanistan, loves us; how he had surrendered to us ... captive Hindus; and sent many of his own people to us ... for trial as outlaws. All of which would allay the anxiety ... of any but the most pessimistic about Indian affairs. ... not till that moment, when the Viceroy's lovely speech and ... the Amir of Afghanistan's "cordial relations" with us ... being set in type, is Reuter allowed to send over its account ... of last February's little war on the Afghans, which has ... been going on up at Malandrai! What a game it is!

* * *

Alfonso's Little Joke.

Visitors to Spain will have to beware of King Alfonso's ... little tricks after the way Lord and Lady Wimborne were ... soused the other day! It may be a fine joke from Alfonso's ... point of view, to turn on a tap with his foot and watch the ... plight of his guests as the tap pours forth a stream of water ... upon them, but it is not the sort of joke which Royalty ... would perpetrate in this country. That "enchanted garden" of Alfonso's will be "out o' bounds" to English people henceforth! Lord Wimborne is a "sport," and a crony of Alfonso's, owing to his keenness for polo, and, as readers of these columns well know, His Spanish Majesty has ...

tremendous admiration for anyone who can play polo, and himself sets an example as the best kingly polo-player in Europe. Lord Wimborne, as Captain Coke, M.P., was one of our best riders to hounds, country, and his luck at the Earl's Court tournament three years ago will be remembered. His Lordship, who is a godson of the Duke of Marlborough, is the present Lord-in-Waiting to King George, so he will have some funny stories for His Majesty when he arrives from Sunny Seville.

* * *

Lady Barrymore Jibs at the "Enchanted Garden."

Spain is a land of perils, even in the twentieth century, and I may be permitted to point to the latest of them, as several of my friends are going there shortly. Lady Barrymore, for one, tells me that she intends to "do Spain thoroughly," and she is taking her daughter, Miss Dorothy Smith-Barry. But they are not going anywhere near King Alfonso's "enchanted garden." Lady Barrymore is one of our smartest American peeresses. Her daughter, and only child, is twenty this year, and she will be very rich one day. Lord Barrymore was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is the illegitimate descendant of a race of "bloods," who played tremendous parts in the days of the Regency. The Barrymore were the hottest of stuff in the time of the First Gentleman, and, like most of their kidney, they died out, leaving only bastards behind.

* * *

Lord Barrymore en Famille.

The seventh Earl of Barrymore spent three hundred thousand pounds by the time he finished his twenty-four years' riot! His successor, when up to the eyes in debt, gave a big party to celebrate his poverty, and the bum-bailiffs in possession," he dressed them all up in the Barrymore livery, and made them attend his guests as servants! The fourth Earl left a descendant in Mr. Smith-Barry, the only man in Britain who possesses a railway station entirely for his own (and family's) use. King Edward immortalised him into a Lord, by the ancestral title, at his coronation, and his first wife (a daughter of the late Earl of Dunraven) having died, together with his Lordship's only son, Lord Barrymore married a charming widow, Mrs. Arthur Post, whose father was an American general. There are a few old people still living in the neighbourhood of "The Ring," who well remember an Earl of Barrymore as the greatest patron of prize-fighting in the days of the Circus which stood in St. George's Fields, where the Old Surrey Theatre now is.

* * *

The Flight of the Stars.

If things go along in their present course we shan't have many actors worth the name left in poor old London ere long! It was the great Irving who found out the secret of tapping the American public, and for the last twelve years of his life he was generally known as "an American actor who is sometimes seen in London!" His advice has been carefully followed by his younger son, Mr. Laurence Irving, who, however, has generally had bad luck on "the other side," in spite of the curiosity aroused by his great name. Our other "stars" have done much better than Mr. Irving "out West." Most of them are reaping golden harvests there at this moment.

Mr. Cyril Maude is scoring triumphantly with "Grumpy" in New York, followed by a speech every evening. Cyril is going back to the States again in the autumn. Mr. Martin Harvey is still showing Canada "The Only Way"; Mr. Matheson Lang is contemplating another trip abroad; Mr. George Grossmith writes to say he would like to stop another year amongst the dollar princesses: Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson in America shows no signs of retirement; and Mr. Lewis Waller—ha, ha! what meaneth that strange silence on the part of the bell-voiced Lewis! Could *Mrs.* Lewis Waller explain?

Physical Culturist (with pride): "There, my boy! That's what Physical Culture has done for me."

Friend: "My dear boy, what a terrible lump! Have you tried any embrocation for it?"

* * *

Dismallest Theatrical Prospect on Record!

Miss Ellen Terry has gone off to Australia on a lecturing tour; Pavlova and Maud Allan are abroad; and Mrs. Langtry is at the Chiswick Empire; Sir Charles Wyndham no longer figures in London (he was 77 last week); Sir John Hare appears but intermittently; and though we still have Sir Herbert Tree and Sir George Alexander "in harness," with Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Lyceum (of all places!), there is a terrible paucity of first-class talent in London this season. What a chance for the second-string men to come to the front with a play of their own! Miss Marie Tempest is off to the provinces for Easter, with "The Marriage of Kitty," and the theatrical prospect in town is absolutely the dismallest on record!

* * *

Cyril as One of the "Ugly Sisters."

Incidentally I am reminded by a curious circumstance of my first acquaintance with the art of Mr. Cyril Maude. It's funny how one interesting event recalls another. Mrs. Lionel Ames, the widow of Captain Ames of the Grenadiers, has died in China, from which she had informed her sisters some months before that she would never return, and therefore disposed of her dogs to her friends in view of her death. Now, everybody knows that it was this family of Hertfordshire Ames's which provided the British Army in the last reign with its tallest officer. Captain "Ossie" Ames was with Cyril Maude at Charterhouse, and I well remember when a little boy seeing young Cyril Maude and "Ossie" Ames (both Charterhouse boys) appear at the school as the "Ugly Sisters" in "Cinderella." "Ossie" Ames was then as tall as he is now, but Cyril Maude was considerably shorter, and as he was never very big the ludicrous effect of the contrast may well be imagined. And when Cyril Maude was married, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, it was his old "Head," Dr. Haig Brown, who performed the ceremony. Forbes-Robertson is another famous actor who was schooled at Charterhouse.

Remembered Napoleon's Father-in-Law.

The death of the doyen of the Army, General Wilmot Bradford, who has passed away at his residence at Bournemouth in his hundreth year, has created a vacancy in the colonelcy of the Royal Irish Rifles. This fine Crimean veteran, who lived under six Sovereigns, and got his first commission from William IV. eighty-one years ago, spent his childhood in Vienna, his father being chaplain to Lord Castlereagh, the British Ambassador, and he had most interesting reminiscences of the Court of Marie-Louise's father, the Austrian Emperor. He could remember sitting on his Imperial Majesty's knee at a state concert, and listening to the first performance of some work of Rossini's, conducted by the famous composer himself.

Another recollection, not so pleasant, concerned his riding lessons. He and his youthful playmates, Napoleon's son—the pathetic little King of Rome—and Prince Miguel of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, were taught riding in so harsh a manner by a brutal riding-master in the Imperial riding school at Vienna that they all hated the sight of a horse.

* * * *

Lady Beauchamp and Walmer Castle.

Lady Beauchamp is delighted with Walmer Castle, where she and the new Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports have just gone into residence for the first time; it will be such a nice and healthy seaside place for the children, she says. Lady Beauchamp's marriage to the Liberal peer who succeeded Lord Brassey in the ancient office of Lord Warden last autumn has been ideally happy, and her husband's work and ambitions, also their young family, are her principal interests. Her sister is the Queen's *intime* and confidante, Lady Shaftesbury, who, too, is bound up in her family, and in order to devote more attention to her children gave up her post as first Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty to become an "extra Lady." In the family Lady Shaftesbury is "Cuckoo," and her husband, the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, "Tony."

A Romance in a Factory.

Much was written about the late Mr. George Westinghouse, his numerous inventions, and his many millions, but nothing was said about the rather romantic match the son of the inventor of the famous vacuum brake made with the youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Brocklebank, the well-known Liverpool merchant. Mr. Brocklebank was one of a party shown round the Westinghouse works at Pittsburg, their guide being no less a George Westinghouse, in a long smock, and the acquaintance then formed, so at least runs the story, culminated in a pretty country wedding five years ago from Irton Hall, Sir Thomas's seat in Cumberland. The chief bridesmaid was the bride's twin sister, Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, an accomplished whip, whose well-turned out four-in-hand, which she drives so skilfully, is always much admired at Olympia.

After the wedding at Irton Church, a familiar landmark to tourists in the Lake district, Miss Sylvia Brocklebank drove the newly married couple in her coach and four to the station, four miles away. She was in her bridesmaid's dress, and on the top, indifferent to the frosty weather and the snow-covered roads, were the bridesmaids and best man, all intent upon giving Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse a merry send off on their honeymoon.

* * *

The "Times" and the "Telegraph."

What the papers call the "Newspaper Revolution" is having unlooked-for results. Whether it is the coming spring, the competition of the *Times*, changes in the City, or the soft impeachment by *Modern Life* in our number for March 14th about the *Daily Telegraph's* lack of humour we do not know, but the fact remains that the premier penny paper is fast becoming almost cheerful in its tone. Its readers will be pleased to learn that the irrepressible operator who set up the headline "40,000 New Posts Turns," has not yet been sacked. Moreover, his example has proved contagious in the Reporters' Room.

She: "Have you told Mamma yet about our engagement? You promised you would."
He: "Well, I've started several times, but every time she talked so much I couldn't get a word in edgeways."

THE BROOKLANDS GIRL.

tagious,' in fact, that in the *Telegraph's* account of "The situation" (in Ireland) on Thursday, it was stated:—

"We understand that the Government has not yet decided to bring home the British Army from India to deal with the situation in Ulster. Nor are the Dominions to be asked to send any of their cadets. Any such statements are exaggerations."

If this sort of thing goes on, *Punch* will have to brighten up a lot! Up till now, however, Mr. Le Sage has not asked any of the comic artists for contributions!

* * *

More Confusion in the Peerage.

If the claimants to the Dudley and St. John peerages are successful there will be two more troublous titles added to the Peerage. Already we have an Earl of Dudley, a Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, and a Lord St. John of Bletsoe; and the new Radical peers have shown no more individuality in the selection of their new titles than has been the case with their predecessors. Lord Ashtown must find it very annoying to be constantly confused with the new Lord Ashton (Mr. Williamson, the Lancaster carpet man) and Lord Ashton of Hyde (Mr. Godfrey Benson), but the Irish-man has one consolation—his peerage will be familiar probably for centuries after the other two titles are forgotten! The Irish title of Ashtown is the best-secured barony in the three kingdoms. Lord Ashtown, is, of course, a bankrupt, but better times are ahead of him!

* * *

British Field-Marshals and Their Sons.

The man of the moment—General Gough—belongs to a family in which military distinction is hereditary. This is an attribute which is as rare as it is remarkable. As a rule the sons of great soldiers fail to distinguish themselves at any rate, on the battlefield! Lord Roberts, it is true, is the son of General Sir Abraham Roberts, an old Indian campaigner, and his Lordship's only son won the V.C.; but our other Field-Marshals have failed to give their country sons who could maintain the family glory. Sir Evelyn Wood's son, for instance, is a music-hall artiste; the late Sir George White's son is a Dublin political agitator, now on bail for resisting arrest and calling upon the crowd to protect him from the police. Another son of a British Field-Marshal may be met with any evening at a Leicester Square billiard-room, he having "retired" from the Army after troubles with his regimental funds, when he was adjutant.

* * *

Too Much Favouritism Already.

We trust F.M. Lord Grenfell will bring his only son up with higher ideals than those of some of his colleagues. Kitchener (fortunately, perhaps) hasn't got any sons, so he isn't troubled on that score. Nor had Lord Wolseley, nor Lord Nicholson—which, perhaps, is all to the good. We see quite enough in the Law of the way judges' sons find an easy road to fine fat Masterships, Stipendiary Magistrate-ships, and other comfortable billets where merit is unnecessary. But when it comes to fighting the country's battles, the state is at the mercy of its officers, and favouritism should be vigorously denounced.

* * *

A Great Matrimonial Catch.

Mr. Gerard Sturt, of the Coldstream Guards, Lord and Lady Alington's elder son, comes of age on April 9th. He is heir to London property, also to a fine family place in Dorsetshire, Crichel, a centre of social light and leading, which King Edward and Queen Alexandra several times honoured with their presence, the late and first Lord Alington having stood high in favour with his late Majesty, as did the present owners, though in this reign they do not seem to bask in the sunshine of royalty.

Lady Alington was in her early married life a popular and distinguished figure in society as Lady Feo Sturt, and she used to give some magnificent entertainments in town. Tall, dark and stately, with a predilection for rich robes, and wearing splendid jewels on grand occasions, Lady Alington has long been a conspicuous personality in exclusive circles. At one time amateur acting had attractions for her, and she has appeared before Royal audiences with other noted amateur. Lord Alington has as large a circle of friends as his wife, being a capital sportsman, and a country gentleman with varied interests. He is very smart and well-groomed, and to-day does not look a great deal older than when he was at Christ Church and wore in the summer the blue and white ribbon of the Bullingdon Club round a white bowler, then the correct thing. He is still faithful to the violet as a buttonhole, and Lady Alington yet cherishes the gardenia, though there is a delightful carnation named after her—a beautiful pink with a most delicious perfume.

MORE OR LESS.

Black and White.

You have to get caught in a crowd, as I was the other day, to realize to the full how utterly insignificant one person really is. It is a horrible feeling—the feeling of nothingness that grips hold of you, as you are swept along like a straw in the wind, and you realize suddenly you have lost your individuality. Besides, humanity at close quarters doesn't improve. You mustn't get to grips with life, as it were, if you want to keep any illusions about it. Seen from far off a speck of red whirling in a mass of black will seem picturesque enough, but close at hand it will resolve itself into a drunken man's face, or a woman's weather-beaten hat. Still, out of an unpleasant memory of that jostling crowd I hold a little pleasantness. Far off in that pack of people, on Boat Race afternoon, I saw a little something white fluttering ahead of me; it might have been a handkerchief, a flower, or even, the afternoon was so warm, an early butterfly. Little by little I came closer to the white thing, and it was just a baby's face asleep upon a parent's shoulder. Remote as a star it moved among the crowd. And, believe me, it was the only face in the whole crowd a closer inspection didn't spoil.

* * *

If.

If you want to get on in life nowadays the thing seems to be to make as much noise as you can and to be as unpleasant as you can. You must shriek aloud in the wilderness if you want it to blossom like the rose. Everywhere I go now I seem to see processions and policemen and platforms and things. Everybody is tub-thumping, and if you don't thump hard enough—well, you're likely to get a locust for dinner instead of milk and honey. Life becomes very noisy when it gets turned into a perpetual German band. "But what do you want us to do?" a member of the Actresses' Franchise League asked me impatiently the other day. "Just sit about and look pretty?" She meant it sarcastically, of course, but undoubtedly she solved the whole woman's problem. To sit still and look pretty are the two essentials from a man's point of view for every woman. The other things of life he would pour willingly into her lap. Politics for playthings, dreams for dolls, kingdoms, kisses, all these would be hers—if! What a pity it is that there are so few pretty women about. Or is it that the pretty ones are content to stay at home? Certain it is that the faces of the woman who tub-thump are plain. Perhaps that is why they tub-thump. But it does seem a pity to draw attention to their disadvantages, when a pink lamp-shade at home, a little rouge, a knot of pink ribbon or a rose in the right place, a pink cushion or two, might—Oh, you have no idea what a lot of good pink in the right place can do. One blush at the right moment is worth a dozen at the wrong.

* * *

Secrets and Silliness.

I see that Mrs. Lloyd George has been proudly asserting her complete ignorance of Cabinet secrets. I don't think that very much to be proud of, myself. Were I a Cabinet Minister's wife I should take jolly good care to know as much as I could. It wouldn't be much good being a politician's wife if you didn't know a little bit more than the woman who wasn't. After all, politics and petticoats have always gone together. They even say Gladstone used to write his speeches on his wife's nightdresses. I don't think I should like that myself—besides, if the laundry were in the pay of an opposition paper it might prove awkward. But anyway, Gladstone was more complimentary to his wife than Lloyd George is to his. I know it has been said over and over again that a woman can't keep a secret, and that is why all positions of trust are impossible so far as they are concerned. But this is ridiculous, of course. The only thing a woman can't keep secret is what she knows about another woman.

* * *

Male Chatterboxes.

For the rest—she is as close as the proverbial oyster. Men talk, if you like—in the clubs, in their offices, in Parliament (Heavens! how they talk there!)—all over the place. Governments have fallen because men talked. Some lost his hair because he talked. Essex lost his head because he talked. I could go on quoting innumerable instances of the chattiness of men. Even the scandal originates at the men's clubs. Almost most of the gossipy paragraphs in the papers are written by men, the restaurants are filled with men, all talking. And, if you notice, nearly every man starts this way "Look here, I'll tell you in confidence, old chap." You see, women don't talk. They haven't time. The funniest thing I ever heard said was said unconsciously by an M.P.'s wife to her husband. He came home one night late from dinner and said he had been to the gas exhibition (There was one somewhere.). "Anybody special speaking to-day," his wife asked wearily. She thought, of course, he was referring to the House.

* *

Very Little Soda!

Women, it seems, are discarding cigarettes in favour of cigars. The tobacconist whom I patronise occasionally—not for tobacco, but for stamps—tells me quite a lot of women are buying cigars now, not for their husbands but for themselves. True, at present they favour the milder varieties, but soon, no doubt, the strongest Havana will seem to them as mild as mother's milk. Men, on the contrary, are reverting to cigarettes. In the same way I have noticed that whereas formerly women when they have a liqueur after dinner will choose a liqueur brandy, or even vodka, men will order a crême-de-menthe, the little green drink originally concocted chiefly for women and favoured by them in the early days of their emancipation, because it looked naughty and tasted sweet. But we have progressed since then, and now we must have everything as strong as we can get it—life, love, liqueurs, all must be as heady as possible. Sweet syrupy things may be good enough for men, but as for women nowadays—"Very little soda, please."

LOUISE HEILGERS.

UNSUITABLE.

"Ah, little one, cannot you return my love?"
"Yes, Clarence—with thanks!"

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

CURRENT CLAPTRAP AND WHAT WE THINK OF IT.

A bench of Great Unpaid, whose magisterial wisdom calls for attention, is that at Kingston-on-Thames, which frequently displays a bucolic intelligence worthier of Slopton-in-the-Mud than a go-ahead town a dozen miles from London. Recently these Solons had before them a New Malden young ruffian charged with cruelly beating a Great Dane; the poor beast was first kicked and then struck with a heavy iron chain. But so lightly does this Surrey bench regard cruelty to animals that the defendant was merely fined ten shillings! The Great Unpaid will often only inflict a fine of a few shillings on brutes guilty of gross cruelty, yet the unfortunate individual driven by want to sleep in the open, or impelled by hunger to commit some petty theft, gets no leniency whatever.

* * *

The engagement of a member of a ducal family to an heiress recalls the connection of the future Duke's only brother, a young officer of the Household Cavalry, with the matrimonial troubles of a highly placed couple, a naturalised Englishman with foreign title, and riches beyond the dreams of avarice, and his wife, a wealthy young Catholic peer's sister. The wife developed an increasing invalidism for the officer, but he died, and then she became reconciled to her lawful spouse. Time is a wonderful healer of heart affairs, and besides, remaining faithful to the memory of an obsession would not give the many things dear to the feminine mind. The young man's death brought a considerable accession of fortune to his only sister. She is already an heiress and popular and attractive girl, who is something of a poetess.

* * *

The valuable Ashburnham silver just sold at Christie's was discovered by the late Lord Ashburnham's executors in a wooden box which had been deposited for over thirty years at his bankers, and the fact is a reminder that there is much treasure lying unclaimed in bank vaults. In one famous banking establishment are boxes, filled with valuables, literally mouldering away. If anything drops out it is carefully wrapped up and placed on top, though the bank's obvious duty would seem to lie in the direction of a thorough search with the object of tracing the rightful owners.

* * *

There is a tradition that a lot of the splendid jewellery never accounted for of the famous Mme. du Barry might be found untouched in an unopened case in a bank strong-room, but though this is probably without any foundation, it is certain that a search in the vaults of the old established banks would reveal large quantities of jewellery, plate, and works of art, the latter in a state of slow decay, and now probably worthless.

* * *

It is rather surprising that some legislative move is not made in the matter, as was done with regard to unclaimed balances, which report says enabled banks in the past to provide themselves with their palatial chief offices. Be this as it may, there are several well authenticated instances of people who have deposited cases of valuables in banks before going abroad, and then died while away, without leaving instructions as to the disposal of their property, or the slightest hint as to where it was lodged.

* * *

A fastidious individual is objecting to the poor gatherers-up of unconsidered trifles who rake over the dustbins placed in the street for collection, but he ought to be ashamed of himself for wishing to prevent these very poor following the wretched livelihood which alone stands between them and starvation. This person is probably well-to-do, but that he is selfish, inconsiderate, and lacking in the milk of human kindness is certain.

"Do you mean to say that that painting is of my wife?"
"I don't know about your wife, but it's a portrait of the lady you sent."

* *

The Canteen inquiry drags wearily on, and the Army's opinion of the affair may be gauged from the fact that there is much sympathy for the military defendants in the ordeal they are undergoing, which, in itself, seems sufficient punishment for their indiscretion. The whole business has been badly bungled by the War Office, whose way of doing things has resulted in an officer, brought from abroad in connection with the enquiry as a witness, not a defendant, committing suicide under the impression that he was implicated.

* *

As in most matters the Whitehall authorities have been slow to act. High officials must have known for years what has been going on; five years ago the monetary gifts from contractors to non-coms. was a subject strongly animadverted upon in a certain officers' mess at the Curragh, and action then would have nipped in the bud a scandal which is more widespread than present appearances would seem to indicate.

* *

The *Daily Sketch* gently jibes at someone who was heard to ask during the performance of Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot," why David kissed the "thermometer." In paternal manner the *Sketch* explains: "Of course, it isn't a thermometer, but a Mezzuzah . . . . which has a little glass eye containing the name of God." This expert explanation has caused a few chuckles in Jewish homes. We should advise the *Sketch* to wear a monocle in order to hide the green in its own little eye.

* * *

When is Justice Darling going to refrain from making pointed political allusions from the bench?

* * *

Will the groom accept the offer of re-engagement held out to him by the Countess who dismissed him in a fury last week? Has she condescended to admit him into her service again from kindness of heart, or to keep his tongue still? Was he not given an hour's notice because he let slip an audible expression of disgust when he saw his mistress deliberately torturing the horse that had proved refractory in Rotten Row that morning?

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

Not far from the ancestral mansion where, for a moderate fee, I lay my weary head to rest o' nights, there is one of those palatial establishments erected by Mr. Carnegie for the purpose of conveying to the public a mixture of knowledge and spoofology. It is, of course, possible that the gentleman who made so much money by turning the Pittsburg country into a living hell of fire and smoke, and the Pittsburg people into the slaves of industrialism, that he doesn't know what to do with his accumulated threepenny-bits, may have intended his libraries to conduce towards the scientific evolution of the human mind. That may be possible, I say; and I earnestly desire to give "Doctor Carnegie" (pardon my smiling, but that's what they call him on a brass plate just inside the door of the magnificent structure to which I am referring) the due that we don't refuse to give to even the devil himself. But to-day I want to look at this Carnegie Library, where I spend many hours of every day, more from the practical point of view. And from a practical point of view it comes to this—that hardly anybody except myself ever goes upstairs to the magnificent reference room, where we are provided with nice light reading, like Gibbon, on "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; and Darwin, on "The Origin of Species"; while large numbers of people flock to the great reading room and eye one another with venomous eyes as they see "the other fellow" daring to want to read the very paper that they themselves are anxious to peruse. I counted the papers in this great reading room the other day. There are some fifty of them—all daily papers, except two or three weekly ones. And all these papers (I made this astounding discovery during the great week of the Army crisis) are devoted, not to the encouragement of the altruistic notions of "Doctor Carnegie" (pardon my smiling again, won't you?), but to the strenuous pursuit of the most noble of all our noble arts—the Art of Political Lying.

The patient readers of the lucubrations which the editor of *Modern Life* allows me to fling at the British public every week, to the peril of his immortal soul, will have observed that I have from time to time made what are called nasty remarks about the party-politics machine in which the welfare of England appears to be ominously engulfed. And from time to time I get letters kindly informing me that I am "off my onion" (and suchlike tokens of polite praise) when I denounce the wretched poltroonery and traitor-like twaddle that goes on in our Houses of Parliament for the delectation of grasping politicians and the successful spoofing of an extraordinarily credulous public. But I think that even the stupidest and silliest gulper-down of party moonshine must have had his withers worn and his belief in statesmen shattered for evermore by the exhibition of lying, and envy, and malice, and self-seeking that we have seen in the Houses of Parliament during the past fortnight. And not only in Parliament—in the Press as well. There are, as I have said, some fifty papers in the great library at the bottom of my back-garden. Of these fifty papers I have carefully studied during the past fortnight some twenty of the leading ones, from London to Manchester, from Manchester to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Belfast. And every one of them has been engaged day by day in disseminating lies on its own account regarding the great crisis, in telling one another that they are liars, in recording the atrocious lies that statesmen have been busy in disseminating in the British House of Commons, in trying to show to the public that obvious lies are not lies at all; in bringing, in a word, to the highest pinnacle of perfection the art of which Swift so bitterly wrote—the Art of Political Lying—in all of its significations.

It really seems to me that the statesmen and the Press of England, Scotland and Ireland (and, of course, Wales) have quite forgotten that Mr. W. E. Forster gave to the people of the United Kingdom free education some forty years ago, and that the British public at the present moment does not consist of a conglomeration of damned fools, whatever it may have consisted of in the past. How else can we explain the things that have been going on, and the childish efforts that have been made, and are being made, to deceive the people? It is perfectly obvious to the man in the street that one of the great games of party politics has been going on, and that, although it is perfectly true that right at the back of their minds our statesmen desire the welfare of their country and Empire, they put in the forefront—before everything, before even the horrors of bloody warfare—the welfare of themselves and their Party. And right here I should like to say, as a peculiarly sensible parson said in a sermon the other day at Manchester, that it is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that the learned gentlemen who write leading articles in the great newspapers, and the learned gentlemen who write for the *Times* from the purlieus of Oxford and Cambridge, or all the clever people who obtain their knowledge of the world from books—it is a great mistake, I say, to imagine for a moment that these people are the best judges of the merits and demerits of leaders and great causes at a time of political crisis. Knowledge and learning in themselves, apart from knowledge of the world and a grasp of the central facts of human nature, the devious ways of political life, cannot compare with the practical, unadorned judgment of the plain man, be he a coal-heaver or an engine-driver, so long as the coal-heaver or the engine-driver is a man of average common sense and level-headedness. For the man in the street, the plain working man, whether he works in business or as a navvy, is not warped up in circumstances and conditions of life, social, political or religious, that distort his judgment and lead him, wittingly or otherwise, towards the gigantic hypocrisy, the lying that is absolutely necessary to politicians and the upper grades of society if they are to play the great game of political chess as it is played in this our day. That is why it is absolutely useless to rely upon the daily Press or upon the statements of statesmen in Parliament if you want to get at the inner meaning of the great crisis we have been in. That is the reason why I prefer to ask, what does the plain man think about it all? What does the plain man think about the most astounding political and moral degradation to which statesmen in our time have bowed the knee in the sacred cause of political cowardice and poltroonery?

And I take it that this is what the plain man thinks, or says: First, he calls to mind the saying of Solomon (I think it was) that all men are liars. Secondly, he calls to mind a modification of Mr. Solomon's judicious remark—that all men are liars and some are fishermen. Thirdly, he thinks back his mental energies to good old plain Thomas Carlyle (whose comments on the recent crisis would be so glorious and welcome at the present moment, could we but get hold of them) and remembers that Carlyle informed a thunder-stricken world that England contained about forty millions of people, mostly fools. And then our plain commonsense back-garden Englishman of to-day sets back his shoulders in disgust, and blurts out that our statesmen (of both parties) are liars and fishermen and fools all rolled into one. Colonel Seely is obviously all three, for, by implication, he lied to Lord Morley when he pretended that he was only submitting to him a couple of harmless sentences for grammatical criticism, and told him nothing whatever about the fact that he was going to surreptitiously add them to a document that had been submitted to the Cabinet and perfected, and had been received back from the Cabinet by Colonel Seely with the hall-mark of O.K. upon it. Colonel Seely is, obviously, also a fool, for otherwise he would never have imagined for a second that he could, in these days, carry through such a childish plot without the Press, sooner or later, getting hold of it. He is also a fisherman, for a Saturday afternoon fisherman at that; for he stood at the end of the War Office pier with his line baited with the wrong bait, and flung it out into the sea of politics and chicanery, only to find that the hooks had caught in his clothes, and had torn and ripped them in such a manner that both he and his mental pabulum will most assuredly go down to history as the most incompetent things that ever were supposed to equip a statesman of England.

But poor Seely is not the only one, not by a long chalk. All these great men whom we are taught to look upon as immaculate high-minded gentlemen who couldn't tell a lie if it were to save themselves from eternal flames, appear to be liars—or at any rate all of them who have had the courage to open their mouths. You must pardon me, dear reader, using the word "liar," but it is after all a good old-fashioned English word, and I assure you that I have looked through the eight or ten volumes of the Oxford Dictionary and can find no other word wherewith to adequately describe them. As a plain man, I am compelled to say that when Mr. Asquith—Prime Minister of England though he be—says that he knew nothing whatever about the Churchill-Seely plot to diplomatically crush the resistance in Ulster, he is saying what conclusively causes him to be either a fool or a liar. And as Mr. Asquith is certainly not a fool, he must be a liar, a political liar.

course, which is the only sense in which I use the word. When Mr. Bonar Law says that the officers at the Curragh resigned or said they would resign simply and solely because they had purely conscientious motives against shooting an Ulster man, Mr. Bonar Law is also a liar. Mr. Bonar Law has threatened over and over again in his speeches that it was part of his policy to amalgamate with the Army for the purpose of killing Home Rule, which means, of course, the political purpose of kicking out the Radical Government and getting five thousand a year and a big position for himself (for which he is not in the least to be blamed, if he wouldn't lie about it). Mr. Winston Churchill is, however, perhaps the most accomplished liar of them all. For in his speech at Bradford he in so many words said that fighting would probably be seen in Ulster before many weeks. He then conspired with Colonel Seely to move troops, equipped obviously for a little war and not merely for police protection. He then ordered battleships to Lamlash, equipped with field guns (which are not usually used at sea, unless my experience of warfare is all wrong). He then denied that he had conspired with Colonel Seely to move the troops. He denied that the battleships and the field guns were sent for any other purpose except a little harmless practising and manœuvring. He then denied that Lord Morley (who had come straight from the meeting of the Cabinet) approved of the two sentences that he had passed as O.K. when Colonel Seely submitted them to him. In fact Mr. Winston Churchill asserted and denied the first thing that came into his head, so long as he thought he had a million to one chance of saving his own face and the face of the Government that has made England in one single day the laughing-stock of the world.

It seems to me, as a plain man, that the two great parties in the State have just been engaged in plot and counter-plot, and that there is not a pin to choose between them. And whatever one's individual political opinions may be, and however one may admit that idealism and strict conscientiousness are quite impossible either in Parliament or anywhere else in the realm of practical affairs, one cannot but feel, at a time like this, that a little of the old-fashioned honour among public men would not be altogether out of place, even in the twentieth century. Of such old-fashioned honour we have had but one example during the stirring days of the past fortnight—the resignation of Sir John French, who, with something of the blood of chivalry in his veins, has rightly refused to sell his soul to the machinations of politicians and the demands of opportunism.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

THE MAIN POINT.

Edith: Jack Roxleigh is good-looking enough, but I don't care for his ways.

Edna: Never mind about his ways, my dear, think of his means!

RECORDING ANGELS.

It is to Rossetti's fancy that we owe the idea that "the Blessed Damozel" leaned over "the gold bar of Heaven." Somewhere near this place, a couple of angels leaned one day—which day is a detail of no moment, since to them all days are alike. There are many species of angels; the two in question were recording angels. They were graceful beings who, with quill pens and different coloured inks, write in vellum books the doings of Us. The term "a clean slate" has nothing to do with them or their occupation, but they are of course always turning over new leaves. The names of the angels were Seraphina and Cherubina, and they were dressed alike. They were only allowed halos when they were very good. They were third-rate angels, and, in fact, had nearly been disqualified.

Seraphina dangled a lily, and sighed:

"I get so tired," she complained. "Thank everyone the nasty old thing is asleep now."

Cherubina yawned angelically:

"My old gentleman is very doddery," she said. "I'm afraid he will die soon. I don't know if I shall be sorry or glad, because I may get someone very stupid to record for next time. This old thing does make things hum, but I am afraid my books will about do him in, when they are shown, so far as up here is concerned,"

"My old man has been wanting to be good for the last three months," said Seraphina. "It is fearfully tiring. I'm afraid to leave him for a moment in case he does something good and I miss it. . . I never minded dozing through one or two of his sins; there were so many of them."

"My old thing gets worse," said Cherubina, shaking her wing. "He keeps on saying he hasn't long to live, so he is going to make the most of it. He makes me blush sometimes. I've made doves fly past his window dozens of times, but as far as I can see instead of making him think fine thoughts they only make him think of pie. His wife is up here somewhere . . . too good for him, everyone said."

"My old man has two wives up here," said Seraphina. "He has both their portraits in his watch. He liked the second one best. The first one used to argue. I've got heaps of entries where he used bad language to her, and once they had a fight. She won."

"My old man won't fight any more," said Cherubina. "He tries to do everything by kindness now. I have a rare job book-keeping for him, though. He has lived beyond his means, and I'm sick of entering up the lies he tells people he owes money to. As a boy he was very truthful, and I hoped I'd get a first-class for him. But he ran off the rails when he was thirty, and I have done most of my writing for him in black and purple ink ever since."

Seraphina sighed:

"When my old thing was young and making love to his first, it was all right. I had to put in a few blots because he told her the tale rather well, but she was so happy about it that I called them merciful lies. She was a bit of a one too. Used to go off motoring with other older things while he was out of town. Of course I had to follow him, but her recording angel told me."

"Was he good while she was away?" Cherubina asked.

"Well, no. He did some rather naughty things. He is very sentimental, and a bit of lace and a kiss fog up all his good intentions. I did my best for him, but the Devil does understand business so well. Some of the old man's provincial pages are very tangled up. It's a pity."

Cherubina played catch with a weeny star.

"They're not worth being sorry for," she said. "Their wives did try and qualify for up here. The men don't care."

"There will be an awful lot of male devils," said Seraphina. "I've been recording for ages, and never booked a winner yet. And what is more, don't suppose I ever shall."

C.N.

The latest Parisian craze is that of "reading feet," and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, the originator of the science, has christened it "Soleism." We can quite well imagine the vivid interest which would be created at some society function by all the guests suddenly divesting themselves of shoes and stockings and solemnly devoting themselves to the soulful psychology of corns and bunions.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The reason why Lady Beatrice Pretyman has altered the date of her dance from May 4th to May 5th? And if it is to be explained by the fact that the Important Personage from Russia has notified the Foreign Embassy that he will be arriving in England exactly twenty-four hours later than at first arranged?

* * *

If some very curious revelations indeed are likely to leak out in connection with the Calmette-Caillaux case?

* * *

Who is the occupant of the flat near Piccadilly which was wrecked by a party of ballet girls the other evening?

* * *

The identity of the handsome young aviator who funked looping the loop at Hendon the other afternoon? If the little lady in the Limousine did not say some very cutting things anent his sudden lack of courage, and if she has since refused to count him among her acquaintances?

* *

Why the members of the Gainsborough Town Council were so *very* shocked at the rev. gentleman's suggestion of mixed bathing in the local baths?

* *

The latest Parisian perfume, called "Seduction," should, naturally, prove irresistible.

* *

If Mr. Arthur Bourchier has purchased a couple of bloodhounds which he is having carefully trained for use in his next production?

* *

Why Miss Ethel Levey is so proud of the fact that she possesses twenty pairs of shoes? A mere duchess can sometimes do better than that.

* *

How many backers had their shirts on Covertcoat?

* *

The Belgium Parliament has passed a Bill providing for the protection of the battle-field of Waterloo. Manufacturers of faked relics are looking forward to a long stretch of prosperity.

* *

Why the West End *coiffeur* has been advertising for "a lady with *café au lait* coloured hair," and if he is suited yet?

* * *

The name of the very boyish-looking subaltern who was guilty of such an unfortunate pun at Lady Barlow's dance the other evening? If it was not very awkward that the music should have stopped just at the critical moment, and if Lady Cowdray overheard all that he said?

* * *

If the "serious accident to Madame Pavlova" hasn't set itself to rights with amazing promptitude—though not *too* soon for the famous *danseuse* to have enjoyed an excellent advertisement?

* * *

The *Daily Sketch*: "Our greatest actress (Miss Ellen Terry) is beautiful in her later years." Rather a left-handed sort of a compliment.

* * *

The identity of the "rubber millionaire" who has just completed the decorations of his new house-boat at Maidenhead. If it is not quite the most sumptuous affair of its kind ever seen, and if he intends to entertain on a very lavish scale this coming season.

* * *

The Poet Laureate has succumbed to the "call of Spring." He has written a poem called "Narcissus."

* * *

If the famous author is still being plagued to death by the young lady who imagines that she has been seriously libelled in his latest novel, and why she doesn't take the matter into court if she is really convinced that she has a case?

* * *

How the famous Socialist enjoyed Lady Carlisle's dinner party, and if the relish with which he attacked the [illegible] plums at £2 per dozen was in any way impaired by his socialistic principles?

*

How the American professor is progressing with his experiments for the production of a boneless herring with a jellyfish delicacy by mating a fast herring with a jellyfish. And if the proposition is rather difficult to swallow?

*

If the young "nut" who sold oranges at Aintree for a wager was annoyed to find himself recognised by a pretty girl at the Carlton? And what was the caustic remark which she made to her friend that caused her to blush so furiously?

*

If the new book of "So The World Wags" has a moving tail?

*

How the three "crooks" enjoyed themselves at the Cabaret Club, and if the young greenhorn who paid for all the drinks had to borrow a taxi-fare home somewhere towards breakfast time?

*

Why the identity of the well-dressed youth, charged at the London Sessions with stealing a lady's sable stole and muff, was so scrupulously concealed throughout the proceedings, and if the [illegible] who waited outside in the crested motor-car was the mother?

*

If the musical comedy which has just been written by a newspaper hawker will be extra special?

* * *

If Mr. Justice Darling's latest joke about the "rolls" did not appear in these columns at least three months ago?

* * *

If another small-part lady has become secretly engaged to the son of a Lord, and when the announcement will be made public?

* * *

If the Royal Aero Club is being made a decidedly uncomfortable place for a certain more-or-less distinguished member, and why?

* * *

If Mme. Genée's latest way of "taking a curtain" is decidedly piquant?

* * *

If "Asparagus" didn't go down exceedingly well with the bookies?

MASCOTS.

[illegible] Prince of Pleasure has found time to [illegible] from stage-management to invent a new and [illegible]ious kind of collar stud, and if he is making [illegible]ements to dispose of the patent to a certain Berlin [illegible]anufacturers?

* * *

Why the young married lady goes so often to the flat of [illegible]e Oriental at Kensington? If it is not very [illegible] her to take her toy pom with her, and if the unique orange-coloured coat and silver tail are not to "[illegible]e her away" sooner or later?

* * *

[illegible]y large influx of rich American girls is to [illegible]ned by the fact that a number of heirs to peerages [illegible] of age this year?

* * *

[illegible] fred has now become the Butt of the Empire?

* * *

[illegible] it not very uncomfortable for the bidders when at [illegible] stamp auction the auctioneer announced that lot — [illegible] missing"?

* * *

[illegible] the example of Mr. Lloyd George is doing much [illegible]ards reviving the once popular institution of "social [illegible]asts"?

* * *

[illegible] [illegible] of packers are feeling very annoyed that they [illegible]e "Bullseye"?

* * *

[illegible]ue reason for the extraordinary behaviour of Miss [illegible] Arundale's understudy in suddenly quitting the theatre [illegible]r stage clothes just when she should have "gone on"? [illegible] affair was premeditated, and if it will shortly have to [illegible]e fierce search-lights of the Law Courts?

* * *

[illegible] identity of the clever lady journalist who left [illegible]y for Ulster disguised in male attire? Why nothing [illegible]e has been heard of her, and if her "chief" is getting [illegible]ous as to her whereabouts?

* * *

[illegible] man who has received £50 com- [illegible] for a severe barber's cut, a slice of luck.

* * *

[illegible] the latest addition to Mr. Robert [illegible]rtneidge's string of "pearl" isn't a [illegible]gem?

* * *

[illegible] the journalist of a certain weekly, [illegible] so persistently plagiarises the [illegible]lumns of this and other papers, [illegible]fers to his work as "copy"?

* * *

How Lord [illegible]mington enjoyed the very [illegible] parental lecture on the impro- of street lamp episodes?

* * *

The name of [illegible] famous London [illegible] paid his subscription [illegible] five years, and why the [illegible] have allowed him to retain [illegible]bership so long?

* * *

Why did the Duchess sell her collec- [illegible]n of old lace?

* * *

[illegible]er of the House of Lords [illegible]t the young barrister to [illegible] recently engaged his charm- [illegible]n only daughter drinks absinthe [illegible]n 5 to 7 o'clock each evening at [illegible] Café [illegible]co, and that at least [illegible] companies have re- [illegible] him a policy *at any*

* * *

[illegible]prising manager has [illegible] introducing a touch of [illegible]n the form of a hot water [illegible] a red flannel nighty into one [illegible]opular bedroom scenes?

"Canvas tyres," says an advertisement. "Canvassing [illegible]," may soon be the general cry.

* * *

If certain city gentlemen aren't in a "blue" funk over the proposed Cobalt amalgamation?

* * *

When Mr. Bernard Shaw will realise that the British public is no longer capable of raising even the ghost of a smile over defunct Marconi jokes?

* * *

Who is the millionaire who is bringing an action for slander?

* * *

If Baron Rothschild has forgotten the fair American whom he met at the Kulm Hotel, St. Moritz, and if she still cherishes the little silver chicken which he gave her at the *Bal Cotillon*?

* * *

Is not Colonel Seely's big blunder another proof that, despite the usual gibes, lawyers make the best Cabinet Ministers?

* * *

Is not the King furious at the attempts to drag his name into the Ulster controversy? What did he say to Lord Roberts, and what part is Queen Mary taking in the crisis?

* * *

What is the name of the South London nursing home where the night nurse gave the patient the antiseptic solution in mistake for her medicine?

* * *

If a certain very charming little lady has been using all her powers of persuasion to induce Sir William Lever to renounce the libel case against Mr. Cecil Chesterton, and if Mrs. Chesterton knows anything about it?

* * *

Who is the ex-musical comedy actress who is having such a very close watch kept on her husband just at present?

* * *

When will the date of Mr. Justice Channell's retirement be announced?

Lady: "I hope you are coming to the entertainment to-night, Biggs?"
Biggs: "Well, I dunno yet. I suppose you will be playing the piano, Miss?"
Lady: "No, I'm just going to turn over while my sister plays."
Biggs: "Oh, if that's it, I'll be there. I do like to to see a bit of acrobatics."

TABLOID TOPICS.

Angling Notes:—Love letters.

* * *

We read that there are 290 different mosses in England. What about the Cohens and Isaacs?

* * *

"Silent French" and Ewart, "the Silent Man of the Army." Both, however, capable of causing a deuce of a row.

* * *

One single earwig recently stopped a train. There must be a plague of the pests on a railway which shall be nameless.

* * *

A director of a new company describes himself as a yarn salesman. That's what they all are, only they do not like to admit it.

* * *

Mr. H. E. Morgan says that Tooting is becoming more civilised. Doubtless because its inhabitants are becoming used to the name.

* * *

"Reshuffling of cards in the Cabinet." Play your game, gentlemen—sixes and sevens, and hold your whist when you're dealing the King.

* * *

Mr. John Ward, M.P., keeps his pick as a memento of his navvy days. He might use it now and again when excavating for language.

* * *

Sir Samuel Evans says that there is plenty of legal talent in Wales. It seems to us that there are plenty of talents for the legal everywhere now.

* * *

A man recently confessed at court that he married his wife because she was a good carver. That is the sort of help-meat that every man wants.

* * *

Daily Mirror: "At the close Reece was 4,006 behind. Scores: Inman, 16,501; Reece, 12,095." That kind of scoring does not come off when we play.

* * *

We are told by a daily paper that the women of to-day prefer dark men of medium height. But we always imagined that they favoured Hy-men.

* * *

A Nottingham magistrate advocates the establishment of a lethal chamber. There is one available at Westminster, where candidates for another world could be talked to death.

* * *

"Hayricks sold for stamps." How we are to post a letter to which a hayrick is affixed is a question for stackers and stickers, and incidentally for the *Express*, which is responsible for the statement.

* * *

A "daily" states that "a Bromley motor-cyclist has had his last year's twin enamelled in striking colours. It is painted pale mauve . . . " We understand that the other twin is to be painted pink with five white spots.

* * *

The *Evening News* music-hall critic writes of Mr. G. B. Shaw's "Music Cure":—"I looked for something bright and witty, and found—not quite wha L looked for Mme." But then one expects this sort of thing from Mr. Shaw.

* * *

The United States has entered an action against "3,000 cases of assorted soups, pork and beans." The answer of defendants has not yet been served up. The soup is not quite clear as to the graveymen, the pork is crackling with laughter, while the beans are boiling with rage.

* * *

We are told a fashion's birth and career. The designer passes his ideas on to the manufacturer, who passes the thing on to the merchant, who passes it on to the dressmaker, who passes it on to her customers, who pass on the bill to the men. Sounds like football, but it is "foot bill."

* * *

In the *Star's* "Words Winged To-day" we find the following two adjacent pars:—

"The cleverer insects are, the longer tongues they have. In human beings it is just the reverse."—Mr. Somerville Hastings.

"The more wicked a woman is, the more a man likes her."—Mr. H. Dalrymple.

Are these pars. confirmatory or contradictory of one another?

Absence tempts the heart to wander.

* * *

Why did French leave? Because of the Seelyed end.

* * *

Mr. Galsworthy's "Mob" looks like being a success.

* * *

"Growlers" are not yet defunct, as was proved at Newbury the other day.

* * *

The last of our New Year resolutions should have received their March-ing orders by now.

* * *

Quarter day has passed. (Thank goodness!) says that no-quarter day is here instead.

* * *

Slit trousers have been seen in the Strand. The of Spring—the nut coming out of his shell.

* * *

"Can a baby of 2 years beg?" asks the *Star*. We met several little beggars who are much younger that.

* * *

Judging by the eulogistic notices that many have received in the press of late, one is led to believe the critics have been mesmerised by free passes.

* * *

Mr. Kenneth Douglas says that "no matter how experienced an actress may be, she always blushes the first you kiss her at rehearsals." We know some who *couldn't*.

* * *

Sir Charles Waldstein thinks it possible that women's dress may yet lead to the wearing of castanets. But it is one of the oldest of fashions to cast a net.

* * *

There is an outcry in Berlin against the old-time of execution by axe and block, and it is suggested future the condemned murderer should be electrocuted. How shocking!

* * *

A lady in the 'bus the other day was describing Rafael Sabatini's new novel, "The Gates of Doom," "simply heavenly." Somehow the description did seem to harmonise with the title.

* * *

Mr. Justice Eve in the Chancery Division said recently "Weekly tenants are the people who take the banister firewood." Not so weakly, some of them; it requires of strength sometimes to do these things.

* * *

Mr. L. George (the novelist) has just written a entitled "The Making of an Englishman." This is the Mr. George who wrote "A Bed of Roses." Judging by his name, he should be an authority on both subjects.

* * *

Mr. Justice Rowlatt said in court: "I only have moneylender will send me £100 some day. The always pestering me, and if they do send me £100 I keep it." Foolish man, making known his intentions in public a manner. Now they won't send him anything.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Those who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

The Editor will be pleased to consider Short Stories, which should be humorous or topical in tone, from 700 to 3,000 words in length. Stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed in case of rejection.

IT.

can find in the dark: A carpet tack and e.

* * *

can earn but what we can borrow that

* * *

amiable trait with a touch of brim-

Don't take the will for the deed—get the deed!

* * *

If, in the heat of the moment, the angry wife makes a move to pick up the flat-iron, by no means is this to be taken as implying a desire to smooth things over.

* * *

It is well known that three scruples make a dram, yet many men take a dram without any scruples.

IN STAGELAND.

There are seven theatres at which new productions will see the light in London on various dates in April. "M'a'mselle Tralala" (foolish title!) will be at the Lyric, in place of "The Girl who Didn't. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," at His Majesty's, and Geo. R. Sim's "Light o' London," at the Aldwych, will replace "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Ever Open Door" respectively. The American Jewish character play, "Potash and Perlmutter," is due at the Queen's instead of "The Melting Pot." "Peggy and Her Husband" at the Royalty gives way to "My Lady's Dress," by Edwd. Knoblauch, part author of "Kismet." "Diplomacy," having by then played almost five hundred nights, retires, full of age and honours, in favour of "The Clever Ones," the only Sutro play seen for many months in London. Mrs. Dearmer's matinée season at the Little with "Brer Rabbit" completes the list—and an uncommonly promising list, too.

* * *

Although the last-mentioned of these productions is for matinées only there appears to be unusual interest attaching owing to the fact that there is an awkward contretemps to surmount. Mr. Granville Barker is so loth to release Marjorie Coulson from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," whence she has been selected to play the title-rôle in "Brer Rabbit," that he has indicated that, in spite of due notice having been given, an injunction will be applied for restraining Marjorie from exercising this opportunity of increasing a promising reputation. It certainly would appear that such a course is extreme and not a little arbitrary even from an exclusively business-professional point of view, and Mr. Barker has said enough to justify one looking to him for the exercise of that kindly consideration and toleration which now more than at any previous time is so prevalent between manager and cast to the profession's immeasurable improvement. I anticipate that he is much too good a sort to stiffen himself in this little matter, particularly as Mr. Bernard Shaw is persuading him personally.

* * *

It will come as a surprise to many to hear that Miss Pauline Chase underwent an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday. I have just rung up and discovered that everything is quite in order and going along nicely. This, in her case, is just the ordinary course of events, as the very gravest aspect of the majority of operations is the frantic fear that most subjects have of the simplest treatment under anæsthetic. I was the only person having no connection with "Peter Pan" present at a sort of mild farewell rag on the Friday previous, and Miss Chase not only refused to display the slightest apprehensive sign but was as joyously noisy as the rest of the crowd. Her little toy-terrier puppy, got up in nightgown and cap, looked far less happy—probably due to a great extent to the fact that it had been forced to make an unwilling debut as "Nana's" first-born in place of the property puppy Sillward has used for so many years. Miss Chase informs me that it is improbable that she will play "Peter" any more. I think the reason may be found in the fact that some persistant gentleman is even more in love with her than those thousands of us who admire her as an apostle of that true British Barrie spirit which is fortunately still in the ascendant, in spite of its bitter modern enemies Futurism and Post-Impressionist art, and which is more significant as a national factor than a dozen Ulsters and a score of Cabinet collapses.

* * *

Billy Merson goes into "Hullo, Tango" at the Hippodrome next Monday. The forecasted engagement of George Graves has had to be abandoned owing to the difficulties of negotiation with other managements proving insuperable.

Billy Merson, who is feeling more lachrymose than ever after his experience of the Law Courts.

Miss Julia Bruns, who will play lead in Mr. Glass's "Potash and Perlmutter" down the Queen's on the 13th inst., enjoys the r... America's most beautiful living model. ... American throughout and is obviously a ... patronage of the hordes whose arrival in ... Anglo-American Exhibition at the White ... Caps-mark is producing, so the play should ... success. There is now evidently a vogue ... the comparative merits of American and ... even in the very strongest trans Atlantic ... it would come to this.

* * *

B. F. Keith, the American vaudeville mag... last week, is the lessee of the poor old derelict Prince... tre in Oxford Street, nearly opposite the Pavilion. ... theatre has been for years in sole charge of a ... char-caretaker category and the Oxford Street ... not something more than extraordinary that such a ... on such a site should remain ... gotten and decayed ... rural outhouse on a small ... is partly explained ... one attempts to ... was president of ... known as the United ... (or more universally ... which controls interests ... bigger than the combined ... trations of London's two ... syndicates.

* *

The *Daily Sketch* tells ... more of the dear lady (a re... Queen Anne, I believe) who ... overdrawn her account. "Oh, ... to her bank manager: "This is ... all right. I'll give you a ... for the amount." This ... minded me of quite the best ... of the many yarns on the ... to be heard nowadays. It ... "Open Windows," and Sir ... Alexander as John Herrick is ... strating with his daughter ... with sweet ingenuousness ... Rosalie Toller) for having ... drawn her account. On her ... from the dreaded interview with ... manager, the remarks ... and he was quite ... What a *lot* of cheques ... because he only gets a ... each, you know. ... isn't it?

* *

I must say I cannot ... much at the ... withdrawal ... "Nuts and Wine" from the Empire much sooner ... originally intended. The show was ... an almost impudent reiteration of jokes ... hoary with honest old age that one's ... manded. But only the very simple ... raised more than a passing smile. The ... simple souls in Leicester Square ... Grill," of which more anon.

* * *

"Mr. Gossip" of the *Daily Sketch* (the gentleman ... a bosom friend of all the celebrities in Europe) ... prised to learn" that the Jewish Hospital for ... made £2,500 net profit at the Coliseum on ... and thinks it is "a scandal" that artistes ... charity on Sunday. We congratulate these ... possession of a broader, more generous spirit ... critic, and are glad that such a handsome ... The ready charity of members of the theatrical ... however, is a splendid trait which will survive the ... even of the person responsible for "the finest ... journalism."

W.

HER CONFESSION.

[illegible] path [illegible] we had. [illegible]ng ourselves on the hymeneal altar. [illegible] As [illegible] as most love-sick swains do act [illegible] occasions, I had, while tenderly whispering sweet nothings, gently insinuated a circlet of [illegible] third finger adhering to Myra's left hand. [illegible] that it dawned upon us that we were engaged, [illegible] mutually agreed to continue this until, as [illegible] said, we embarked upon the turbulent [illegible]ony.

[illegible] did we enter into the spirit of it with the zest [illegible]eristic of both of us. [illegible] interminable interviews with dressmakers, [illegible] and a horde of congratulating friends.

[illegible] I endeavoured to impress upon Myra, did [illegible] the business which required head-work, a quick [illegible] perception. In short, I made it my busi[illegible] at absolutely ideal spot which might afford [illegible]moon.

[illegible] occur to me till after much strenuous toil that [illegible] may say in the matter, but it subsequently [illegible] she had already fixed the spot and had only [illegible] to fall in. Realising that, as the future wife of [illegible] was really entitled to relieve me of all [illegible] I acquiesced with her decision.

[illegible]rtant matter arranged, I reminded Myra that [illegible]f she was about to marry, and not, as I was [illegible]ined to think, these others who occupied so [illegible]y. [illegible] time, she might favour me with a little of her [illegible]. Myra cast o'er me a compassionate glance, and [illegible]'s to-night for a last ramble. Bye-bye," she flitted [illegible], heedless of my endeavours to imprint a chaste salute [illegible]n her brow. "And this," said I, more in sorrow than [illegible]anger, "is what I shall have to endure for two days [illegible].

[illegible] the approach of eventide Myra came to me, and [illegible]ed the oft-traversed paths, so vividly [illegible] of the halcyon days previous to the public [illegible] mutual love.

[illegible] moon, and never did Myra look so entrancingly [illegible] on that evening, in the glorious setting of great [illegible] luxuriant [illegible] undergrowth. Seating myself upon the [illegible] of an ancient oak I gently drew Myra [illegible] and supporting her with an encircling arm, [illegible] lover-like solicitude upon her beauteous [illegible]e sentimentality, and I could have remained in the [illegible]ady described enviable position ad infinitum had not [illegible] whom nature has endowed with an abnormally large [illegible]unt of common sense, brought me abruptly back to the [illegible]rnon," [illegible] of life.

[illegible]al [illegible]me," said she—I recognised in this, the use of my [illegible], an omen of evil import—"I have a terrible [illegible]eating failing, which I feel I must confess to you [illegible]. Trust so implicitly in my perfection."

"Dearest one" I said, "nothing shall ever induce me to [illegible] for one fleeting instant, the presence of a fault [illegible]mable and adorable person. As for myself [illegible] but as deceit is a thing abhorrent to my [illegible]ady laid bare to you the vast legion of [illegible]dencies which pervade my being."

[illegible]ng aside my cares with an imperious gesture, [illegible] looked me [illegible]ly in the face, and I knew from the [illegible] which shone in her great violet eyes that [illegible] was futile.

[illegible] I [illegible] commending my jaded spirit to an unheeding [illegible] her unburden her soul and tell me the [illegible] "For," said I, "it is evident that for me [illegible]be no more tranquil moments until I have heard [illegible]ished it. Disturber of my peace, have thy say."

[illegible]ly, "[illegible]ease be patient with me, Algy," she said, beseech[illegible]as my confession is of such nature as forbids spon[illegible]eous utter[illegible]. It is a failing which would, I fear, [illegible]revol[illegible] to your fine susceptibilities."

[illegible] Myra dear, whatever is it? You alarm me and [illegible] me a demon of curiosity. Please tell me, [illegible] any further demur, as the probability of my guess[illegible]t is obscure."

[illegible]er averted face suffused with blushes, Myra proceeded [illegible]esitati[illegible] accents to lay her sin before me for judgment.

"Algernon," she began, "you see before you one who is held a helpless victim in the thrall of a dread and terrible vice from which escape seems impossible."

"Myra," I faltered, while my fast-whitening locks vied with each other in stiffness, "there is no need for further parley. I have already guessed! You are a member of that loathed band of shameless females. Woman, tell me, I am doomed to marry a Suffragette!"

With a mirthless laugh Myra replied, "My poor, dear boy, calm yourself. It is a low, degrading, bestial trait of which I speak, not of that ennobling and honourable calling."

I heaved a sigh of relief, wiped the perspiration from my brow and began once more to take an interest in life.

With a fresh ardour I made a few more hazards. "Tell me, Myra, are you about to confess that you tango, or mayhap you bunny-hug."

"Don't be silly, Algernon. Can you not see that I am serious? I do think you might be more sympathetic," said Myra, with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"Dearest one," I assured her, "I am doing my utmost. Are you an enthusiastic church-worker? Do you wear elastic-side boots?" Having received impatient negative replies to these and other questions, I was about to abandon further attempts, when suddenly a dreadful thought entered my mind. "Myra," I gasped, "I perceive now the reason for your perturbed state of mind. You need not humble yourself by confessing. The awful truth lies bare before my affrighted eyes. The raven locks to whose beauty I have sung rhapsodies, and the pearly teeth on whose flawless perfection I have so oft made flattering comments are bought with a price."

"Algernon," Myra vociferated wrathfully, springing free of my detaining arms, "how dare you insinuate such things! Henceforth we are as strangers! I shall never marry you! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Then, her utterances becoming entirely incoherent, she threw herself upon the ground, and the vials of her wrath poured forth in her tears. Alas! thought I, how oft are one's best intentions misconstrued, and how sadly one is misunderstood in this life.

Bracing myself for the coming ordeal I picked up the ring which Myra had so impetuously discarded, and with quaking, longing, bleeding heart, gently approached the heap of outraged womanhood which constituted my hopes of future bliss.

Tremulously and meekly I knelt beside the palpitating figure and vainly endeavoured to express my abject contrition, in that, with my thoughtless, idle words, I had wounded the heart that was more precious to me than my own.

"Oh, Myra, my darling," I cried, "could I ever think that even the most infinitesimal fraction of your loveliness was unnatural? Have I not, sunning myself in your good graces, revelled ecstatically in the glorious luxury of playing with your rippling tresses?"

Gradually noticing a slight—oh a very slight—change for the better in Myra's woebegone demeanour, I waxed bold and gently capturing her little moist hand replaced the ring.

With pathetic little sobs in her voice, Myra spoke. "Oh, Algy, you really did not mean those nasty things, did you? Because if I thought you did ——!"

"Darling," I hastily assured her, enfolding her in my arms at last, "of course I didn't. Let's think no more about it, but be happy once again."

"And you promise to forgive me, Algy."

"I should forgive you anything, my dearest," I replied. "Need you confess it at all? I think not. Consider your sin already absolved."

"Silly boy," said Myra, looking up for just one adorable instant, "of course I must tell you, or what would you say when you found out for yourself?"

"I hereby swear that I, Algernon Fitzwimple, shall refrain entirely from discovering, or even attempting to discover, my wife's failings," said I, solemnly.

"But, alas! Algy dear," answered Myra, "you could not help discovering it, because it will assert itself."

"Algy," she whispered, hiding her blushes on that part of my waistcoat under which my heart beat furiously with a great joy, "Algy, I—I—sn—sn—snore!"

ISOBEL LINDSAY.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR.

March must surely have exhausted all the available supply of rain up above, and now that Easter has come round again the open air possesses attractions far superior to music-hall or skating rink. In April the winding lanes and green sprinkled hedges of rural England call to us to be "out and about." This, in fact, is par excellence the motorist's month. It is now that cycle, side-car combination or car emerge shyly from their winter rest to be prepared again for the road. It is now that the factories which are dotted round about Birmingham work night and day to keep pace with the demand for new mounts.

* * *

Let us consider what is offered to anyone who would spend Easter awheel. Since last year a tremendous development in the "motor-cyclette" trade has to be recorded. The "motor-cyclette," or miniature cycle, or "lightweight"—call it what you will—appeals emphatically to the man of small purse and smaller experience of the vagaries of petrol. It is the "go anywhere" mount and its appearance has spelt leprosy to thousands of once faithful devotees of the push-bicycle. The great boom in miniature motor-cycles has unfortunately attracted many "mushroom" manufacturers, who speedily set about turning out machines which had never been properly tested. So the novice should exercise considerable judgment in the choice of an ultra-lightweight, and he would be well advised to place himself in the hands of a large dealer who is qualified to separate the good from the bad.

* * *

The ultra-lightweights are exceedingly easy to handle, and will run well at any speed from four miles an hour upwards. They rarely skid, and a gentle push is sufficient to start the engine going. There are well over thirty of these machines on the market, and the price is generally about £25. Some have two-stroke engines, but the majority adhere to the four-stroke system. Briefly, the advantages of the former are that the engine runs more smoothly and that more power is given out and consequently hills are negotiated with greater ease. The "four-strokes," however, use considerably less petrol. Nearly all the latter are Precision engines, which incorporate a two-speed gear in the crank case. A two-speed gear is of inestimable advantage when one is riding in traffic or negotiating tricky turnings. It is as well to remember that the "neutral" position should never be adopted whilst the machine is running under its own power. It should merely be used for starting.

* * *

After the ultra-lightweights comes the Douglas, which stands almost in a class by itself. Its horizontally opposed twin cylinders ensure an entire absence of vibration. But the most popular machine of all is the 3½ horse power type which is produced by many makers. It enjoys a longer life and is far more reliable than the ordinary "lightweight." Certain machines of this class which were made so far back as 1908 still fetch £20 in the second-hand market. If the "3½" is fitted with a change speed gear and a free engine it is suitable for use with a side-car attachment.

* * *

Side-car combinations are the most popular vehicles on the road. The position of the side-car owes its adoption to a humorous drawing which appeared in a motor-cycling journal some years ago. It has since proved itself an ideal "car for two," and nothing could look smarter than a coach-built side-car attached to a big twin-engine bicycle. The former is nowadays built as luxuriously as the most costly automobile, yet the upkeep of the whole combination totals under a penny a mile. The side-car can be quickly detached if necessary and the machine driven "solo." The vehicle complete costs about £70.

* * *

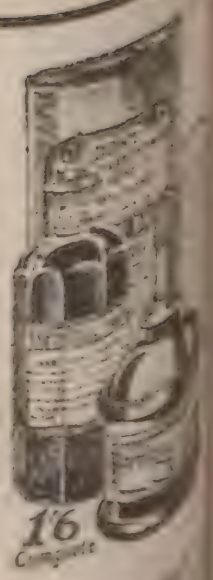
Any motor vehicle can nowadays be purchased by instalments on such reasonable terms that the outlay need hardly be felt. Most of the stores and large dealers ask for one quarter of the total cost as deposit, and the remaining three-quarters is spread over a period of six or twelve months. For this accommodation an additional two per cent. is usually charged.

E. B. INCE.

A new baby has joined one of the families in our suburb, writes a correspondent, and a slightly older sister was asked how the child was going on and what its name was. "Oh, baby hasn't got a name yet," she declared, "but it's going to be a girl."

The Curse!

News for :: ::
Safety Razor Users.



HOW many users of safety razors have not necessity of taking them to pieces and clean and dry after use? Some makes, of not to need the process; but if it is not done a rusty, dirty, dull-edged implement that is body. There is now available to the millions users all over the country a most ingenious which does away with the necessity for taking pieces every time and wiping it dry. It is a special bath, and after shaving you simply drop your razor just as it is. The bath, which contains a chemical tion, effectually sterilizes it, keeps the whole razor and clean, and greatly improves the edge of the causing them to retain their keen edge for months. Old blades allowed to soak in found to 'pick up' in astonishing fashion. only eighteen-pence, and should save its cost in and temper within a week.

THE RAZOR.

We have a safety razor at a shilling that will at present on the market, no matter what lutely guarantee this, and are quite willing if you are not completely satisfied, will at once money, with 6d. added to cover your expenses

A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.
Total = 1s.

Our Razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves.

WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is that the finest of our razor lies; just it will not does not give you the most delightful had in your life, don't be afraid to let us know by our offer to the letter.

We will send you The Bath and Razor for 2s. bear postage ourselves.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co. LTD.

GUN MAKERS,
107, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

...boat race ended, as expected, in a win for ... In fact, it was a procession, and not all the ...cement effected in the Oxford crew by Mr. Harcourt Gold could enable the dark blues to make a race of it. It was not out of turn for the Cantabs to win, their last success dating as far back as 1908. They will go down to posterity as the heaviest crew and the biggest. Had it been necessary Cambridge could doubtless have inproved considerably on the time. But they were able to row well within themselves, and even then were half a minute faster than the time Oxford won in last year.

Oxford had R. W. Fletcher, E. D. Horsfall, A. F. R. Wiggins, and F. A. H. Pitman, all Etonians, in their eight, and only one Rhodes Scholar, H. K. Ward, of New South Wales. Eton also supplied G. E. Tower, their best stroke since D. C. Stuart's days, and G. E. V. Burton to the J. A. Ritson and S. E. Swann hailed from ... C. Livingstone, of Vancouver, they also

THE BOAT RACE "RAG."

...ight in the West End is always a lively time, ...casi... ...ugh from ... and Cam... ...filled them... ... At ... ... 2 o'clock ... ... youth ... ... east, ... land of ... ... round ... ... and t... ... the ... ... the A... ... the ... ... the ... ... the

events that was looked upon as almost a certainty for Cambridge. Ashington won the high jump comfortably.

Havens is a Rhodes Scholar and a New Yorker, and his lucky victory was equalled by another Rhodes Scholar, E. T. Adams, of Texas, a win in the hammer. J. H. R. Freeborn, of Cambridge, was yards further than either of his opponents, but none of his throws counted, as he went outside the circle each time. Thus two of the Cambridge "certainties" went the other way.

Another Rhodes victory for Oxford was achieved by G. M. Sproule, of Melbourne, who lopped 9 3-5 secs. off T. S. Horan's three miles record of 1893. A beautiful runner, Sproule had the most difficulty in beating D. N. Gaussen, the Oxford second string, who won the race last year. To cover the three miles in 14 mins. 34 4-5 secs. on a dead track on a damp afternoon is a grand performance, which certainly was not expected. It is seldom, indeed, that 15 minutes is beaten in the sports. Sproule can win the four miles A.A.A. Championship if he chooses, or I don't know a runner.

If Cambridge lost two events in which victory was anticipated, she won two great races in the quarter and half that were earmarked for Oxford. In the half, N. S. Taber, the New York Rhodes Scholar, was fairly worn down and defeated by R. E. Atkinson in the fast time of 1 min. 56 2-5 secs., and in the quarter D. G. Davies, after looking hopelessly beaten, came again and wrested the spoils from B. G. D. Rudd, of South Africa, in 50 secs., another sterling performance for a day like last Friday. To my mind this was the best race of the day.

KENNETH CAMPBELL. TO WHOM LIVERPOOL OWE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE FOR THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE FINAL TIE.

Well, in spite of Rhodes Scholars, Cambridge can win with home-born talent, and I think we all came home delighted, except, of course, Oxford partisans. One thing is certain, the overseas undergraduates have raised the standard of 'Varsity athletics, and it is a hopeful sign for our chances at Berlin. By the way, I have forgotten to congratulate H. M. Macintosh, the Cambridge president, on his victory in the sprint in 10 1-5 secs. He has been seedy, and ran as second string to G. Perrot, but like all great athletes pulled a lot out in the actual contest and beat Perrot by a foot.

BOXING.

The greatest fight seen at the National for many a long day was that between Pte. Braddock and Marcel Moreau, the French official middleweight champion. Such hitting has not been seen for years. The men, both very powerful middleweights, exchanged punches for five rounds, with Braddock having a trifle the best of it, and then in a perfect pandemonium Moreau went down four times in the sixth. The noise and excitement must have made Braddock see red, for he hit the Frenchman while he was on one knee, and was, of course, disqualified by the referee. Mr. Angle was standing at the ringside shouting to the crowd when the episode happened. But for Mr. Angle losing his head with the crowd he would have told Braddock to stand back, and nothing could have got Moreau up in ten seconds. I can quite understand why the O'Keeffes, Blakes, Sullivans, Harrisons, and Wellses don't want anything to do with Braddock. He can hit harder than any of them barring Billy Wells, and he seems to like being punched. A bit on the slow side, he can win the middleweight championship when he likes. Peggy Bettinson's face during this exciting slam was a study.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

New and Wonderful Discovery.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, LOSS OF ENERGY, DEPRESSION.

NO ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles. Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from rheumatic and nervous troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the only successful methods are those of Electricity. Doctors recommend them to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is very short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly-recurring expense.

The problem before medical scientists has been how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly successful Electric Treatment, so as to make it—

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,* and
3. *Permanently Curative.*

Galvopad Insoles Banish Pain and Depression Quickly.

Wear them in your boots. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest, while you walk or sit: indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this valuable discovery of a [illegible] parting new energy [illegible] sluggish system. [illegible] ever, is [illegible] precisely [illegible] provement. [illegible] about in your [illegible] of [illegible] INSOLES. [illegible] INSOLES are in [illegible] a series of metal [illegible] foot batteries, [illegible] feet, and are worn [illegible] the insole of the [illegible] shoes) and the [illegible] stockings).

The GALVANIC SOLES generate [illegible] what is most [illegible] (Galvanic) [illegible] that circulates [illegible] throughout the [illegible] nerves of your body. [illegible] *shock is felt.* [illegible] ceedingly pleasant [illegible] sensation [illegible] permanent [illegible] whole [illegible] experience [illegible] and will [illegible] lighten [illegible]

INSOLES [illegible] shoes [illegible] evidence [illegible] poisonous acid [illegible] drawn [illegible] wear [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] GALVOPAD [illegible] INSOLES [illegible] easily be cleaned [illegible] metal cleaning [illegible]

This may seem [illegible] to be true, especially [illegible] the low price [illegible] the GALVOPAD [illegible] [illegible] into [illegible]

The set [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

hat does Ball remind you of?
ell, every time I see Ball he reminds me of a
I have owed him for over a year.

* * *

R ANSWER WOULD BE DIFFERENT.

terly): You have spurned me! I will go into the
ld. I will fight
riches
[illegible]

ing): Then, when you have done that, try

* * *

r: You made a funny mistake in congratulating
's father instead of the groom.
: No, I didn't. I've a daughter of my own, and
what they cost.

* * *

NO RELIEF.

ynical person was standing in front of a part of
ition of local art talent labelled "Art Objects."
I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her,
e doesn't seem to be any help for it," he finally

* * *

How miserable John looks since I rejected him.
don't wonder, poor fellow. Now he'll have to
his living.

* * *

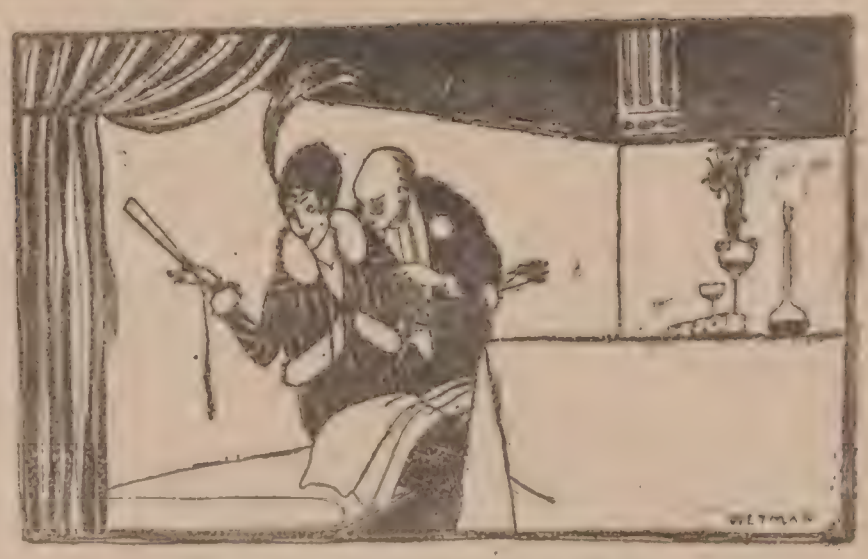
TIME TO CALL A HALT.

e: "This is getting to be a shocking age. A girl
pposed to blush any
ce: "W
than that, dear. There isn't anything
pretend she does not understand."

THE SPRINTERS

[illegible] you know. She ran away from her husband,
[illegible] from the wife."

[illegible] so if they were only waiting to get their second wind away from each other."—"Sydney Bulletin."



Don't be silly. You mustn't kiss me here."
"Why not? Nobody can see us."
"Yes, the Gruyere has its eyes on us."—"Pages Folles."

KINDNESS.

"Is she good to the children."

"Very. She lets them do everything their father doesn't want them to do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

THE BOY KNEW.

The doctor was bandaging the small boy's arm after vaccination, when the little chap interrupted him.

"Put it on the other arm, doctor," he said.

"Why, no," said the physician; "I want to put the bandage on your sore arm, so that the boys at school won't hit you on it."

"Put it on the other arm, doc.," reiterated the small boy. "You don't know the fellows at our school."—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner.*

* * *

AN ERRONEOUS SAYING.

"Seeing is believing," quoted the sage.

"Oh, I don't know. I see men every day whom I wouldn't believe under oath."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

STUDE TALK.

Tood: Remember Clarice Hunt?

Bood: That little cross-eyed blonde from Mill Hall?

Tood: Check. Well, she was hit by a train two weeks ago and had every stitch of clothing torn off her?

Bood: Yes, yes. Go on.

Tood: Well, I see that the railroad has settled with her for ten thousand dollars.

Bood: Phew! Some redress!—*Penn State Froth.*

* * *

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR.

"What do you think of the jokes Bill brought over from England?"

"I think they were pretty far fetched."—*Princetown Tiger.*

* * *

IN THE BALANCE.

Fay: Do you mean to accept him?

Mae: That depends upon circumstances.

Fay: What circumstances?

Mae: His!—*Judge.*

* * *

REALITY.

Minister (calling on inmate of prison): Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

Kenney: Well, they've got me hypnotized, then; that's all.—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner.*

* * *

PREFERRED SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Henry J. Waters, president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, tells of a young man who was collecting funds for a benevolent institution. He attempted to collect a dollar from an old man who was noted for his closeness. The youth approached the older man and stated his mission and asked for a dollar, saying he was collecting for the Lord.

"Collecting for the Lord?" asked the old man. "Well, young man, how old are you?"

"I am twenty-five," answered the young man.

"Well, I am seventy-five years old, and as you are only twenty-five years old, I think that I will get to see the Lord sooner than you. I will hand Him the dollar myself."—*Kansas City Star.*

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

IN SPITE OF THE EXCITEMENT OVER ULSTER the Stock Exchange absolutely refuses to suppose there is any possibility of Civil War, and until the public is ready to do business dealers are busily engaged in taking advantage where they can of the temporary nervousnesses of other dealers, and in buying tickets for the Stock Exchange sweepstakes, of which over £4,000 worth were sold on the day the lists opened. Quotations have been varying according to the rumours of the hour. The City expects an early dissolution, but the latest political news does not point that way. The public are waiting to see what is going to happen before they come in to speculate. Although the markets are not active they are by no means weak. There is an undercurrent of strength which keeps showing itself, and but for the Irish trouble we should now be having a run of remarkably good business. Everything therefore is ripe for a good rise, and Consols and all gilt-edged securities must gradually go up, and as soon as the public begins to come in prices generally will soar. The underlying conditions here are better than in any other country, and the fact that money remains cheap in spite of the continued absorption of our gold by the Continent and Russia, proves the strength of our present position. It is whispered that this buying of our gold by Germany and [illegible] in order to fill up their war-chests, and this seems likely as the gold is being hoarded, and men who look ahead are asking what it all means.

* * *

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT STOCKS have been active. There has been a great deal of fluctuation in Brazilians, and many dealers have been buying to explain away the significance of the fall in the rate of Exchange. This, however, is serious, especially as it is coupled with the bad economic state of the country. The market will go much lower and all holders of Brazilians will do well to get out whilst prices are at a comparatively high level. The big decline in Brazilian exports considerably reduces the national revenue, and this at a time when the Treasury is already very short of money. A conference of leading Bankers has been held with the view of seeing what assistance can be given to Brazil, and it has been decided to grant a short term loan of limited amount (about £1,500,000) to be advanced for the purpose of steadying the Rio exchange. This will to some extent ease the immediate pressure of the situation, but I recommend the disposal of all Brazilian stocks and shares without delay.

* * *

MEXICANS also were active, with prices rather better on account of reports of successes by the Federal troops—which, by the way, were false reports, the advantages really being on the side of General Villa and the rebels. President Huerta and the Federals will always make the best of their case in the papers, and are prepared now to go any length in desperate expedients to secure and retain the governmental power. Both parties are bleeding the country by means of forced loans and requisitions and commandeering all the cash available from every possible company, source, or undertaking, and now President Huerta is on the point of cancelling the most important concessions granted by the late Porfirio Diaz to the Mexican Light and Power Company, and will, of course, sell new concessions to the highest bidder amongst his friends. Everywhere the moneys we have put into industries over there are now being forcibly taken and used by one side or the other, and until one side gains supreme control nothing but losses can come to holders of any Mexican securities.

* * *

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS are advancing. Any fear there was of important labour troubles seems to be dissipated excepting as regards Scotland, where the mine owners have put up a fund of £250,000 with the intention of forcing down wages next June. As I have said for several weeks past, the leading Heavies have looked very cheap for some time, and if we can avoid strikes really good rises will come in these stocks.

* * *

AMERICANS after being irregular, are much more steady on the conclusions of a satisfactory arrangement with the Government over the New Haven trouble. Still, in view of the fact that the Government does not appear to be at all friendly to the railway interests, we cannot look for much advance here. The Missouri Pacific [illegible] difficulties and looks like going into the hands of a Receiver. The reduction in the dividends of the Pacific Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad was not [illegible] and caused disappointment, on which the bears tried to hammer the market, but as there were no sellers prices held up very well.

* * *

WALL STREET is still waiting for the decision of the Supreme Court on the Union Pacific Company's distributions to Common Stock holders without consideration to the Preferred Stock holders. The company denies that any plans whatever were made for the control of the [illegible] west of the Missouri river, or that the net earnings have been any less during the last five years than in previous years, and the Directors state that the accumulated surplus property of the company exceeded the amount [illegible] to pay the extra dividend, and on this account the Union Pacific expects the court to give a decision in its favour.

* * *

PARIS is showing a firmer tendency, no fresh [illegible] Russian securities were noticeable, and Mines, Gold and Bank shares improved. French Rentes were also supported. The Crédit Foncier de France proposes to propose an increase in its capital from 250 to 350 million francs. Authority has been granted to the Protectorate of Morocco to borrow 170,250,000 francs in a 75-year [illegible] a rate not exceeding 4.60 per cent. including amortisation. The Chamber has ratified the decision of the Senate imposing the additional 4 per cent. Income Tax on the coupons of Foreign Bonds quoted on the Bourse. It is thought that this additional tax will prevent the best new foreign issues being placed in France, and if this is so London will benefit at the expense of Paris.

* * *

THE OIL MARKET IS STEADY and looks like being lively before long. There was another advance in Colonials. Spies are a good purchase, also Nor[illegible] casians. This company is doing well. Royal Dutch on receipt of buying orders from the Continent. Shares were up on account of increased production.

* * *

IN RUBBER most of the companies' reports [illegible] issued are better than was generally expected, and as though this market will be an advancing one for the time being. The troubles in Mexico and Brazil are [illegible] prices up, as with the stoppage of supplies from the big producing companies, prices are bound to go [illegible] arily higher.

* * *

THE TONE IN THE MINING MARKET is cheerful, and considerable support from the Continent has a strengthening effect on the South African market. Van Ryn Deep and New Heriot, Modderfontein, and Randfontein were all higher, and there was considerable demand for Premier Deferred and other Diamond descriptions. There was not much movement in Kaffirs. [illegible] complete victory in the elections of the Provinces has helped Chartereds up. The Broken Hill group of [illegible] lead is cheaper. Copper is firm, and is being helped by reports of shortage in the visible supply of metal. As soon as the big people have safely unloaded this will fall very flat.

* * *

The Miscellaneous Market is quiet. Iron and Coal shares are rather firmer. James Nelsons lost 6d. on the [illegible] tion of the terms of the proposed amalgamation with the River Plate Co. Nitrates were steady, but shows signs as a fall is coming. Some of the London Electric Companies advanced in spite of the report of coming [illegible] troubles in the Electric Industry.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Now that the flat racing campaign is well under way, and the two early important handicaps, the Lincolnshire and the Grand National, things of the past, it is interesting to note how backers are faring after the disastrous results of last year. From the backer's point of view it cannot be said that the chief races have been more satisfactory. Outram, the winner of the Lincolnshire, started at the long price of 25 to 1, and it was only a big rush at the last moment that caused Sunloch, who won the Grand National, to be on the 100 to 6 mark. Certainly China Cock, who by winning the Liverpool Spring Cup, enabled Mr. Paul Nelke to complete a very fine double, was one of the favourites of that race, but it was on the two more important handicaps that the big money changed hands.

* * *

The fact that Outram was the only candidate from Newmarket to get through his trial for the Carholme race successfully might have influenced some people to support him, but the great majority, bearing in mind the horse's form with other competitors in the race during last year, did not expect him to score. And what a great trial that proved to be; China Cock, who finished second to Outram, subsequently winning the Liverpool Cup with consummate ease. It is certain that had the latter race been decided before the Lincoln Outram's price would have been a much shorter one.

* * *

By the way, a friend of mine had a remarkable bit of luck on the Lincolnshire and Grand National. One of his pals asked him to put him 2s. 6d. on Outram and Sunloch for the double. He demurred for some time, saying that he did not want to be troubled to make the wager, but on being pressed he got on. Not being in the habit of betting in such small sums he made the stake 5s., although he had little fancy for the horses at the time, with the result that he now shares the nice little sum of £180.

* * *

There is quite an old-time flavour of romance about Sunloch, who won the blue riband of the steeplechasing world in such hollow style as to cause the race to be practically a mere procession. Sunloch was hunted until about a couple of years ago. His first success since he was sent into training was in a hurdle race, and it was not until last year that he was given a chance over fences. After Sunloch had won a race at Leicester last November, something like a sensation was created when his owner at that period, a man named Taylor, was arrested and later convicted of fraud.

* * *

Sunloch's present owner, Mr. Tom Tyler, was very sweet on his horse's chance at Aintree, and he made no secret of the fact. The genial Loughborough sportsman, who trained the horse, was warmly congratulated after the race by all; the victory being an exceedingly popular one. Many offers were made for Sunloch some time before the race, and it is rumoured that Lord Marcus Beresford tried to buy him for the King, but Mr. Tyler would not entertain the offer. With his light weight of 9st. 7lb. Sunloch won in the very fast time of 9min. 58 4-5sec., which, although not a record, is some 20sec. quicker than Covertcoat occupied the previous year.

* * *

There was a very large number of Continental sportsmen at Liverpool on the Grand National day, and they appeared to have much confidence in the chances of Trianon III. and Lutteur III., the French candidates, who finished second and third respectively, thus vindicating their running in the Champion Steeplechase at Hurst Park three weeks before.

* * *

To revert to the subject of wagering, it must be stated that the early form at Lincoln, which was by no means in favour of the punter, has worked out very well indeed. Several horses that ran prominently on the Carholme, such as Ulpi, Cock of the Rock, Colour System, Irish Colour, and Pitmaston, have all scored elsewhere, and while backers have such pointers to go upon they should not do so badly.

From now until Easter Monday there will be little more than passing interest in the racing world. There are only two meetings under Jockey Club rules to be decided during the coming week, Nottingham occupying the first two days, and Leicester Wednesday and Thursday.

* * *

At Nottingham on Monday the Nottingham Spring Handicap may fall to Short Grass, who ran very well indeed to finish third in the Lincolnshire. On the same day Palanquin may secure the Clumber Stakes, and Rangag the Rufford Abbey Plate. The Newark Plate on the concluding day should be won by Talana Hill, the Robin Hood Plate by Miss Keen filly, the Sherwood Selling Plate by Mowgli, and the Bestwood Park Plate by Simile.

* * *

On the opening day at Leicester Holland House should win the Oadby Two-Year-Old Plate, Take Care the Billesdon Plate (handicap), and Indian God the Bottesford Welter Handicap. Paulhan should take the Leicestershire Stiff Handicap, the principal prize on the second day, Master the Wigston Plate, and The Spy II. the Moderate Plate.

* * *

Good Friday is, of course, without a fixture, but there will be steeplechasing at Plumpton and Blackpool on Saturday. Lynch Pin and Jack Pot may secure the Hastings Handicap Steeplechase and the Easter Handicap Hurdle respectively at the former gathering, and at Blackpool Hua Ruadh may take the Blackpool Handicap Steeplechase.

"Mrs. Brown says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife."

"Kindness or caution?"

* * *

Bacon: I suppose like most women, your wife wants the earth?

Jones: Yes, but I have learnt that she does not want it on her parlour carpet.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Last week I had something to say about the bagging of knees in trousers, but this leads on to another item of slightliness in clothes, that is, the sag, or drop, at pocket-mouth arises very early in the life of the best of coats, especially where the wearer is in the commercial sphere of activity and actually uses his pockets. The Piccadilly man hesitates before he puts a cigarette into the pocket of his morning coat, lest it should spoil the contour.

* * *

An American idea for the cure of this sagging has been put on the British market. I have seen it in use, and the desired result is effected in a very simple way. The scheme is patented, and the use of it granted upon a royalty; but I think I may disclose the fact that the inevitable drag of any weight put in the pocket is, by an ingenious method, taken upon the inside lining instead of upon the actual material of the coat. I have seen a pound-weight put into each of the two hand pockets of a lounge coat without disturbing the line of opening by a quarter of an inch.

* * *

You may never have taken notice of the point, but a bagged, wrinkled pocket of itself makes a coat look shabby and old; and if your tailor knows the new scheme let him put it on your next lounge suit.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* of March 25th reports a most extraordinary sight in the Strand. "A young man, with his trousers shaped like tight skirts, and the sides open at the ankles to show his socks, entered the eastern end of the Strand by omnibus and alighted at the Law Courts. His trousers were slit at the ankle. The openings were ornamented like a lady's dress, with two rows of large black buttons, and the violet stockings he wore could be seen from the ankle to the knee. The passers-by looked curiously at him."

* * *

Of course, if this is a dream, a phantasy, a chimera, a nightmare, or what not, it is all right, and it can be put down either as a brilliant stroke of imagination, or a lamentable effect of four Welsh rabbits eaten over-late at night. But if it is reported as an actual fact there are a few questions one would be inclined to ask in best Law Courts manner.

* * *

When this monstrosity was seen by the *Daily Mail* crossing the 'bus at the eastern end of the Strand he wore socks of unrecorded hue; while, upon alighting at the Law Courts he wore violet stockings. When and where was a change of leg gear effected? Neither male nor female right, either in law or decency, to change socks or stockings in a public vehicle plying upon the London streets.

* * *

In this report of a very extraordinary affair it is twice stated that the trousers were slit at the ankle. How does the reporter know that this extraordinary being wore stockings? Did he hide in the man-hole of a London sewer to obtain the fact from upward ocular demonstration? If this method of inquisitorial investigation of underwear could be at once stopped by the authorities.

* * *

Another point of minor importance is that reference is made to the fact that passers-by looked curiously at this strange woman. If I know London half well there would be no passers-by in the event of such a prodigious joke being played on one of our streets. All the passers-by would become onlookers, until the time that a policeman or a taxi-cab removed such a very obvious subject for Cockney chaff.

* * *

I do not think the guaranteed circulation of these slit-trousers, which have been so often of late referred to in our daily contemporary, is at all likely to attain any considerable dimension. Standard bread can be swallowed, London to Manchester can be covered by aeroplanes, but leg trousers, violet stockings and big black cloth buttons off the map.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Colin Howard (Crossgates, Fife).—Can't tell whether your story is intended to be humorous or pathetic. In either event, it is a failure. Would recommend further study of Lindley Murray, and don't write solely for the purpose of spoiling paper. It is essential to have something to tell before you can make a good story.

E. A. L. (Caterham Valley).—The bride's brother should give a present to the two jointly, if he doesn't wish to give a personal one to the bride. Certainly not to the bridegroom. At full dress weddings, frock-coat, lightish trousers, and topper are *de rigueur*, but a morning coat may be worn. The tendency recently has been to become less formal on these occasions, but that depends largely on time and place.

A. B. (Worthing).—Glad to hear it; trust you will both be happy, but we think it rather risky.

S. S. (Lancaster).—Send some more stories by all means. We have a contract for our wastepaper. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

J. M. (Tooting).—The club you mention has not lost a match yet in the Southern Suburban League, and should come out on top of their section.

M. L. (Staines).—Why make a fuss about it. Girls often do that. Better let the matter drop.

D. S. (Goring.—If you think like that—why write for our opinion?

S. S. (Kennington).—Get out in the open-air as much as you possibly can. Try walking to work, as you are so near the City. This ought to bring colour to your cheeks, and a healthy appetite. If not, it would be advisable to consult a doctor.

P. T. (Glasgow).—The situation is certainly a very delicate one, and we do not care to advise you. Better consult a clever lawyer.

M. C. (Devizes).—Certainly we recommend motor cycling. The question of nerves should not worry you; it is not like riding in or near London. Our advice is, get a reliable machine, have a go at it, always bearing in mind to keep your head.

Cyclist (Deal).—Quite agree with you. Sorry for the dog.

J. K. (Manchester).—The scheme would not be feasible. You would have all your work cut out appeasing irate members.

Tango (Totnes).—Surely there is an academy somewhere near, where you could get the instruction you desire. We don't think written lessons any use.

X.Y.Z. (Bude).—Why ask us. You should write to a medical paper.

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